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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

"THE BUTCHER."

BUTCHERS AND JURIES.—BUTLER'S DEFENCE OF THE
ENGLISH DRAMA, &c.

It was observed the other day in the LONDON JOURNAL, that "butchers are wisely forbidden to be upon juries; not because they are not as good as other men by nature, and often as truly kind; but because the habit of taking away the lives of sheep and oxen inures them to the sight of blood, and violence, and mortal pangs."

The 'Times,' in noticing this passage, has corrected our error. There neither is, nor ever was, it seems, a law forbidding butchers to be upon juries; though the reverse opinion has so prevailed among all classes, that Locke takes it for granted in his 'Treatise on Education,' and our own authority was the author of 'Hudibras,' a man of very exact and universal knowledge. The passage that was in our mind is in his 'Posthumous Works,' and is worth quoting on other accounts. He is speaking of those pedantic and would-be classical critics who judge the poets of one nation entirely by those of another. Butler's resistance of their pretensions is the more honourable to him, inasmuch as the prejudices of his own education, and even the propensity of his genius, lay on the learned and anti-impulsive side. But his judgment was thorough-going and candid.—The style is of the off-hand careless order, after the fashion of his old satires and epistles, though not so rough:—

"An English poet should be tried by his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to be of a jury,
Besides the most intolerable wrong
To try their masters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen like Sophocles,
Or tales' faler than Euripides,
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner,—
When all the laws they use to arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made by a foreign lawyer and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic scruples;
And by the advice of virtuosi Tuscans,
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins,—
Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's case,†
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,
And after him the French *filou*‡ Corneille;
And since, our English plagiaries aim
And steal their far-fetch'd criticisms from him,
And by an action, falsely laid, of *trover*,§
The lumber for their proper goods recover,

* Tales (Latin) persons chosen to supply the place of men impanelled upon a jury or inquest, and not appearing when called. (We copy this from a very useful and pregnant volume, called the 'Treasury of Knowledge,' full of such heaps of information as are looked for in lists and vocabularies, and occupying the very margins with proverbs. Mr D'Israeli, sen., objects to this last overflow of contents, but not, we think, with his usual good sense and gratitude, as a lover of books. These proverbial sayings, which are the most universal things in the world, appear to us to have a particularly good effect in thus coming in to refresh one among the technicalities of knowledge.)

† Speroni, a celebrated critic in his day, and great plagiary, among others, of Tasso.

‡ Filou—pickpocket! This irreverent epithet must have startled many of Butler's readers and brother-loyalists of the court of Charles the Second. But he suffered nothing to stand in the way of what seemed to him a just opinion.

§ Trover—an action for goods found, and not delivered on demand.—*Treasury of Knowledge*. Butler's wit dragged every species of information into his net.

[From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney-street.]

Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's,
Who for a few misprisions of wit,
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit,
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censured for it with more unlucky sense;

(How happily said!)

When all their worst miscarriages delight
And please more than the best that pedants write."

Having been guilty of this involuntary scandal against the butchers, we would fain make them amends by saying nothing but good of them and their trade; and truly if we find the latter part of the proposition a little difficult, they themselves are for the most part a jovial, good-humoured race, and can afford the trade to be handled as sharply as their beef on the block. There is cut and come again in them. Your butcher breathes an atmosphere of good living. The beef mingles kindly with his animal nature. He grows fat with the best of it, perhaps with inhaling its very essence; and has no time to grow spare, theoretical, and hypochondriacal, like those whose more thinking stomachs drive them upon the apparently more innocent but less easy and analogous intercommunications of fruit and vegetables. For our parts, like all persons who think at all,—nay, like the butcher himself, when he catches himself in a strange fit of meditation, after some doctor perhaps has "kept him low," we confess to an abstract dislike of eating the sheep and lamb that we see in the meadow; albeit our concrete regard for mutton is considerable, particularly Welsh mutton. But Nature has a beautiful way of reconciling all necessities that are unmaligant; and as butchers at present must exist, and sheep and lambs would not exist at all in civilised countries, and crop the sweet grass so long, but for the brief pang at the end of it, he is as comfortable a fellow as can be,—one of the liveliest ministers of her mortal necessities,—of the deaths by which she gives and diversifies life; and has no more notion of doing any harm in his vocation, than the lamb that swallows the lady-bird on the thyme. A very pretty insect is she, and has had a pretty time of it; a very calm, clear feeling, healthy, and, therefore, happy little woollen giant, compared with her, is the lamb,—her butcher; and an equally innocent and festive personage is the butcher himself, notwithstanding the popular fallacy about juries, and the salutary misgiving his beholders feel when they see him going to take the lamb out of the meadow, or entering the more tragical doors of the slaughter-house. His thoughts, while knocking down the ox, are of skill and strength, and not of cruelty. And the death, though it may not be the very best of deaths, is, assuredly, none of the very worst. Animals, that grow old in an artificial state, would have a hard time of it in a lingering decay. Their mode of life would not have prepared them for it. Their blood would not run lively enough to the last. We doubt even whether the John Bull of the herd, when about to be killed, would change places with a very gouty, irritable old gentleman; or be willing to endure a grievous being of his own sort, with legs answering to the gout; much less if Cow were to grow old with him, and plague him with endless lowings, occasioned by the loss of her beauty, and the increasing insipidity of the hay. A human being who can survive those ulterior vaccinations must indeed possess some gr

reliefs of his own, and deserve them, and life may reasonably be a wonderfully precious thing in his eyes; nor shall excuse be wanting to the vaccinators, and what made them such, especially if they will but grow a little more quiet and ruminating. But who would have the death of some old, groaning, aching, effeminate, frightened, lingerer in life, such as Mæcenæ for example, compared with a good, jolly knock-down blow, at a reasonable period, whether of hatchet or of apoplexy,—whether the bull's death or the butcher's? Our own preference, it is true, is for neither. We are for an excellent, healthy, happy life, of the very best sort; and a death to match it, going out calmly as a summer's evening. Our taste is not particular. But we are for the knock-down blow, rather than the death-in-life.

The butcher, when young, is famous for his health, strength, and vivacity, and for his riding any kind of horse down any sort of hill, with a tray before him, the reins for a whip, and no hat on his head. It was a gallant of this sort that Robin Hood imitated, when he beguiled the poor Sheriff into the forest, and shewed him his own deer to sell. The old ballads apostrophize him well as the "butcher so bold," or better—with the accent on the last syllable, "thou bold butcher." No syllable of his was to be trifled with. The butcher keeps up his health in middle life, not only with the food that seems so congenial to flesh, but with rising early in the morning, and going to market with his own or his master's cart. When more sedentary, and very jovial and good humoured, he is apt to expand into a most analogous state of fat and smoothness, with silken tones and a short breath,—harbingers, we fear, of asthma and gout; or the kindly apoplexy comes, and treats him as he treated the ox.

When rising in the world, he is indefatigable on Saturday nights, walking about in the front of those white-clothed and joint-abounding open shops, while the meat is being half-cooked beforehand with the gas-lights. The rapidity of his "What-d'ye-buy?" on these occasions is famous; and both he and the good housewives, distracted with the choice before them, pronounce the legs of veal "beautiful—exceedingly."

How he endures the meat against his head, as he carries it about on a tray, or how we endure that he should do it, or how he can handle the joints as he does with that habitual indifference, or with what floods of hot water he contrives to purify himself of the exoteric part of his philosophy on going to bed, we cannot say; but take him all in all, he is a fine specimen of the triumph of the general over the particular.

The only poet, that was the son of a butcher (and the trade may be proud of him) is Akenside, who naturally resorted to the 'Pleasures of Imagination.' As to Wolsey, we can never quite picture him to ourselves apart from the shop. He had the cardinal butcher's virtue of a love of good eating, as his picture shews; and he was foreman all his life to the butcher Henry the Eighth. We beg pardon of the trade for this application of their name; and exhort them to cut the cardinal, and stick to the poet.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

SINGULAR CHARACTER OF HENRY THE EIGHTH,
BY SIR RICHARD BAKER.

BEFORE giving this character, we will give some account of Sir Richard himself, who was a curiosity in his way. We found his Chronicle in the excellent circulating library of Mr Cawthorn, in Cockspur street.

SIR Richard Baker, says Granger, was the noted author of 'A Chronicle of the Kings of England,' a book formerly in great vogue; but which was ever more esteemed by readers of a lower class, than by such as had a critical knowledge of history.

The language of it was, in this reign (that of Charles the First), called polite; and it long maintained its reputation, especially among country gentlemen. Sir Richard's own encomium of his 'Chronicle,' in his preface to that work, is supposed to have recommended it to many of his readers. He says "that it is collected with so great care and diligence, that if all other of our chronicles were lost, this only would be sufficient to inform posterity of all passages memorable, or worthy to be known." The author seems to have been more studious to please than to inform; and, with that view, to have sacrificed even chronology to method. In 1658, Edward Phillips, nephew to Milton, published a third edition to this work, with the addition of the reign of Charles I. It has been several times reprinted since, and is now carried as low as the reign of George I. Sir Richard was also author of many books of divinity, and translated Malvezzi's 'Discourses on Tacitus,' and Balzac's 'Letters.' Most of his books were composed in the Fleet prison, into which he threw himself to avoid his creditors. He died in his confinement the 18th of February 1644-5.

Mr Daines Barrington, ('Observations on the Statutes') speaking of this history, observes, that "Baker is by no means so contemptible a writer as he is generally supposed to be; it is believed," says that author, "that the ridicule on this 'Chronicle' arises from its being part of the furniture of Sir Roger de Coverley's Hall."

What sort of a writer Baker was, the reader may judge for himself by the following extract. He has given a character just as preposterous of James the First, by whom he was knighted, and whom he represents as equally scholarly and warlike! ("tam Marti," says he, "quam Mercurio"). In short, Sir Richard appears to have been a man, either of little scruple in such matters, or wholly moved by a personal sense of his connexion with rank and authority. No such character would probably have been given of Henry the Eighth by his ancestor Sir John Baker, who was the only privy councillor that refused his assent to the royal will and testament, by which Mary and Elizabeth were excluded from the succession. There is a certain picturesque simplicity occasionally (probably not his own), in the midst of his ignorant and unscrupulous compilations, that makes him no unfit author in Sir Roger de Coverley's library; though Addison certainly intended him no compliment on any other score, by putting him there. The passage we here extract, however, is the less unworthy of curiosity, inasmuch as it will show in a very strong light the distinctions habitually entertained by our ancestors, with respect to the moral privileges of man and woman-kind; for Henry, who is here not only excused, but vindicated, for his treatment of his wives, was notoriously no observer of continence himself. Henry the Eighth has a right, of course, to every excuse from a philosophic historian, brought up as he was, and the inheritor of a power and wealth unknown to the crown till his time; but to allow every excuse to him, and none to his unfortunate wives (even if guilty) is no longer the sort of justice which will be meted out by the fellow-creatures of both. All the readers of Sir Richard's chronicle will now laugh at his one-sided and gratuitous absurdities.

"Hee (Henry the Eighth, says our once popular historian) was exceeding tall of stature, and very strong; fair of complexion, in his latter days corpulent and burley. Concerning his condition, he was a prince of so many good parts, that one would wonder he could have any ill; and, indeed, he had not many ill, till flattery and ill counsell in his latter time, got the upper hand of him. His cruelty to his wives may not only be excused, but defended; for if they were incontinent, he did but justice; if they were not so, yet it was sufficient to satisfy his conscience, that he thought he had cause to think them so. And if the marriage bed be honourable in all, in princes it is sacred." (Then, why didn't he keep it so, himself?) "In suppressing of abbeyes, he shewed not little piety but great providence; but though they were excellent things, being

rightly used, yet most pestilent, being abused; and then they were justly suppressed, when the abuse scarce possibly can be restrained." To think he suppressed abbeyes out of covetousness and desire of gain, it is to make him extremely deceived in his reckoning; for if we compare the point with the charge that followed, we shall find him certainly a great loser by the bargain. He was so farre from pride, that he was rather too humble; at least he conversed with his subjects in a more familiar way than was usual with princes." (As if a very proud man could not do this, out of the sense of unsurpassable distance between them!) "So valiant, that his whole life almost, was nothing but exercise of the valour; and though performed amongst his friends in jest, yet they prepared him against his enemies in earnest, and they that durst be his enemies, found it. It may be said, the complexion of his government for the first twenty years, was sanguine and joviall; for the rest, choleric and bloody; and it may be doubted, whether in the former, he were more prodigall of his own treasure, or in the latter of his subjects' blood; for as he spent more in fiction, than any other king did in realities; so in any distempers of his people, he had no other physick, but to open a vein! But we shall do him extreme wrong to think that all the blood shed in his time, was of his shedding; they were the bishops that were the *Draco* to make the bloody laws; the bishops that were the *Phalaris*, to put them in execution: the King oftentimes scarce knowing what was done. Certain it is, when a great lord put a gentlewoman the second time on the rack, the King hearing of it, exceedingly condemned him for such extreme cruelty. As for religion, though he brought it not to a full reformation; yet he gave it so great a beginning, that we may truly say of that he did—*Dimidium plus toto* (a half greater than the whole).

Sir Richard here undertakes to disprove the charge of incontinency against Henry, by telling us that he was married one month to Anne of Cleves, yet held her person sacred. The words are not such, but such is his meaning. Every body knows to what this sacredness amounted. He delicately exclaimed when he first beheld her, "They have brought me a Flanders mare!" and resolved from that moment not to live with her. Sir Richard then concludes his character as follows:—"But this is to make nonegays! I like better to leave every flower growing upon its stalk, that it may be gathered fresh, which will be done by reading the story of his life."

We take the early part of the work to be the best. The author got them out of the old English chroniclers, and deserves the thanks of the reader for retaining the truly personal portraits of the Henrys and Edwards, which Hume and other historians, out of an unphilosophical notion of the dignity of history, have too much neglected. Among other amusing particulars, we are startled, even for venerable antiquity's sake, to find, that Henry the Third, whose visual faculties were none of the best, was libellously designated by a man of that time, in language familiar to modern streets, as "a squint-eyed fool!"

FLOWERS IN CHURCHYARDS.

By the Author of 'Stray-Flowers.'

THE custom of planting flowers in churchyards is becoming more prevalent than it used to be; the idea that a churchyard should be a place wholly gloomy is fast fading away; and the yew trees, through which the wind "made lonely music," are being supplanted by the sweetness, and the delicacy, and the incense of flowers. Why should a churchyard be a place for nothing but sorrow? Why should it ever wear the hue and the aspect of sadness? There is quite enough of gloom in the world, without our adding unnecessarily to it.—But is not the memory of days departed, sweet? Do not the remembrances of friends we loved, come upon us in the hours of our tribulation and in the times of our suffering—like winter-flowers, more beautiful from the very desolation they enliven? Then why should not flowers, as emblems of memory, and of those we loved, blossom over the spot where their ashes repose? The 'Forget Me Not,' the magic of whose name is as sweet as it is powerful, is, by virtue of that very name, a churchyard flower; it will do for the grave of the old, or the young, the lover, the husband, the father or the son. There are other flowers, too, which might be made emblematical of the sleeper.—The daisy, and the butter-cup, the violet, and the primrose, might blossom over the grave of childhood, as memorials that the one beneath was cut down

"in the spring and playtime of the year" of life. And for girlhood we might have many types selected from the garden or the field—the lily graceful and beautiful, with its pure white petals, pure as the virgin heart beneath—and if consumption had laid her low, we might take the passion-flower as delicate in its conformation, and as short and as lovely in its existence.—And for manhood we might take the flowers of the more advanced summer; and for age the violet of autumn would be meet, "Wat wi the dew" of the September eves.—The aged are ever fond of the remembrances of their childhood, they all seem to wish to "die at home at last;" that is, near the spots of their earliest associations of thought, when they went out laughing children to gather "King cups in the meadow," or violets that grew in the shaded walk, by the churchyard-wall. There is something in nature so divine, that our love of her seems to look even beyond death.—How many times did a late friend of mine, whose soul was endued with the beauty of poesy, wish to be buried in the churchyard of a romantic village to which we used occasionally to stroll in the still evening time, to talk about poetry and poets. He had chosen the spot, because flowers, by some "hands unseen," had been there planted and nourished, and it was some consolation to him, even in the hour of mortal suffering, to think he should be laid among the beauties of nature that he loved with an ardent love—'tis thus that

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Flowers, too, are fitting for church yards,—for they serve to remind us of a world where the flowers fade not away, where hope whispers to us we shall meet with those we loved now sleeping beneath.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LXXIV.—A MODERN BLUE-BEARD.

[FROM the memoirs of Madame de Genlis. The existence of such a monster, as is here described, would be incredible, were it not for the occasional appearance among us of "monsters" in other shapes, poisoners &c.; and being credible, it would be intolerable, did not the comforting and well-grounded reflection come to our aid, that such phenomena are, in fact, madmen; of which there can be no doubt. There is some defect in their organization, most likely physical as well as moral, which makes them a species of wild and inconsistent beast in a human shape.]

My vivacity and my rudeness (says Madame de Genlis, speaking of her childish days) were generally confined to the chamber-maids, or to one of our neighbours who came often to the château, and to whom I had conceived a violent aversion.

The personage so hated was a gentleman who was said to belong to the ancient house of Châlons, now long extinct; he styled himself M. de Châlons, and he was then upwards of thirty; though rich, he had always refused to marry, under pretext of being extremely devout; and he had such a reputation for piety, that he almost passed for a saint. His face was rather handsome, but he had a manner of looking at you from the corner of his eye, and by stealth, which first inspired me with an aversion to him. I remarked also that at church he made many pious contortions; and his uplifted eyes, and hands crossed on his breast, were not at all edifying to me. In short, I considered him a hypocrite, and the event proved him one of the most wicked monsters ever heard of; one who had committed many atrocious crimes, which were discovered in the following manner. Encouraged by the reputation he had usurped, he at last counted upon it too far; and heaven suffered him to be so blinded as to commit crimes which were sure to be discovered. Under the pretext of repairing his household linen, he brought from Autun a pretty young sempstress, whom he had seen in that town; he had detained her in his château about six weeks, after which she disappeared. He wrote to her mother that she had run off with a lover, and at the same time he begged her to send him the girl's youngest sister, a girl also extremely pretty, as the repairing of his linen, he said, was not yet finished. She was sent to him; in two months she disappeared also, and the monster wrote to the mother that she had followed the example of her sister, and had taken flight as she did. This time however, the unfortunate mother, enlightened by her despair, laid her complaint before the judge, who gave orders for a search throughout the house of M. de Châlons. The wretch, who had information of this, took flight, and was never after-

wards heard of; but providence has surely overtaken him, and caused him to perish in his obscure hiding-place. An examination of his château took place; marks of blood ill-washed out were visible in one of his cabinets, there were deadly poisons found in a cupboard, and in the garden were several specimens of his last buried victims! The body of the first of the young girls was recognised by means of a ring of hair, with a motto, which he had left upon her finger!... Thus, my antipathy for the monster was completely justified by the sequel.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Somerset House.

[Continued.]

A few more pictures in the Great Room remain to be mentioned. 180, 'Welsh peasants crossing the sands to market,' W. Collins, is rather heavily coloured; but hearty and genuine. 184, 'On the Dee, North Wales,' T. Creswick, refreshes one in the heat of the exhibition room, with its cool leaves and water. 186, 'The principal gaut at Hardwarde,' W. Daniell, R.A., is interesting for the sake of the scene. 'Wars' Alarms,' A. Fraser, an anticipative little hero, in a round jacket, with trumpet and drum, terrifying his sister, is well coloured, and no more. The School of Painting is headed by a 'Portrait of her Most Faithful Majesty, Donna Maria the Second, Queen of Portugal,' (204), by J. Simpson. As a painting it is rather flat and dry; as to the subject, it is quite otherwise; her Most Faithful Majesty does good credit to Portuguese living, seeming to acquire additional portliness with her added years; meagre days obviously harm her not, nor does she look wasted with over-much anxiety and trouble. 209, 'Tom Jones,'—not the sprightly master of Partridge, the lover of Sophia Western, but a highly respectable and sober-looking dray-horse,—is the best bit of painting contributed by A. Cooper this year. The sleekness of the skin, the velvety surface of the snout, the compact, but powerful limbs, are excellently given. 220, 'Vigilance,' H. Wyatt,—very charmingly painted; the still sleep of the lovely girl bending over her arm, and the bright eyes of the little spaniel, watching so faithfully over his unconscious mistress, made us feel quite apologetic towards both, for our fixed stare at them. 226, 'A Ferry on the river Ninfa, Sermoleta in the distance, a scene in the Pontine Marshes near Rome,' P. Williams, though quaintly coloured in parts, is a rich and true effect of colour and evening light; the boatman is really fine. 227, 'Wood-cutting,' F. R. Lee, is a rural and a pleasing scene, well painted. 235, 'The Bridge of Sighs, Venice,' W. Etty, R.A., a bold and beautiful piece of colouring; the deep blue sky, the stone walls, that solitary little star, the dark, deep-walled canal, all are solitary and sepulchral, and painted with a true feeling for the scene itself, and its solemn associations. 234, 'Line fishing, off Hastings,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.:—a powerful painting, as to the foreground; but flimsy and fantastic in the colouring of the farther parts of the picture. 241, 'The Embarkation,' by J. J. Chalon, is very sprightly and fine, but flimsy and over-dressed. 242, 'Scene in the Sunderbunds, Bengal,' W. Daniell, R.A.; a cool and silent water, overhung by trees heavy with excess of growth, a dragging robe of leaves; the deep shade and motionless repose give one an idea of a corner, cool, and sequestered from a burning sun. 243, 'The Circling Hours,' 244, 'Pandora,' and 245, 'Night with the Pleiades,' H. Howard,—“The above three pictures are intended for compartments in a ceiling in Sir John Soane's museum.”—The 'Pandora' is not very original, but all are fanciful and pleasing. We prefer the 'Night and the Pleiades'; it is not so grand as the subject might demand, nor indeed grand at all; but it is the most original, and tells its meaning best. 261, 'The Boy's Song of Love, Bay of Naples,'—a charming rich bit of colour. 267, 'Cranmer revoking his recantation at Oxford,' a picture crammed with interesting portraits. It is full of excitement, and tells its story; but there is a pervading want of power, both in the execution and the design. 270, 'The Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock,'

M'Clise, is a magnificent assemblage of courtly shows; but we cannot admire it as a painting; the figures are stiff and flat, and hard in the outline; the *chiaroscuro* is very defective, so that there is no keeping in the distance; the drawing is weak; and finally, however distinguished the original of the principal figure may be, in modern fashionable society, and however handsome, his appearance is by no means the beau-ideal of the chivalric; he might have served for the Alfonso of Fortiguerra; but Alfonso, though a brave and loyal knight, is not the type of chivalrous potency and exaltedness. The present picture seems to us quite unworthy of the painter of 'All Hallow-een.' 277, 'Meditation,' H. Wyatt;—a very graceful portrait. 278, 'Christ Walking on the Sea,' R. Westall, R.A., possesses one characteristic of the grand, it is simple; but meagre; it is broadly painted, but the figures look feeble; the effect is solemn, the expression weak and undecided. 283, 'Festa della Madonna dell'Areo,' T. Uwins, A., a glowing Neapolitan scene, very finely coloured. That head in the middle with the vine leaves, is glorious,—and so is the yellow dress. Uwins makes us like colour simply for its own sake. 294, 'The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., is a splendid show of red and yellow, and blue, in very fine contrast; a fine “flare-up” as it is termed by those connoisseurs in imaginative metaphor, the slang-speakers; but there is no keeping in the picture, no plain truth; it does not come to the point. 299, 'Portrait of the late Edward Irving, Esq.,' D. Wilkie, R.A. The Irving before us is a small-featured, acute, lively, lawyer-like sort of personage; but the Edward Irving whom we recollect, was large, serious, inward-thinking, wild-featured, a man like the prophets of old. The picture is well painted, but does not represent its subject. 303, 'Favourites, the property of his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge,' E. Landseer, R.A.; a white horse, and a couple of dogs, one of them holding a whip in his mouth, apparently waiting for their master. Not much of a subject; but out of these simple materials has Landseer constructed a fine painting. Look at the sensitive face of the smaller dog; the ample coat, the powerful limbs, and mild countenance of the other; have you not, Reader, seen such faces before, and wondered what might be the range of thought and sympathy in the living spirit within, beyond what we can know or guess at? How full is the firm and solid flesh of the well-conditioned horse, how living his eye, how soft and mobile his “innocent nose.” 304, 'The citadel of Agra, &c.,' W. Daniell, R.A. is a curious scene, and interesting, but heavily painted, and singularly low-toned. 310, 'Phædria and Cymochles on the Idle Lake,' W. Etty, R.A. A picture to which we have before alluded, like all by that artist, contains much that is objectionable, but, this one, much more that is very beautiful. Some strange muddy spots in the back ground, a peculiar blackness in some of the shadows, and a degree of license in the treatment of the subject, are the chief defects of the picture. The bright flesh of the woman, soft, terse, fair, and white, but warm, and transparent, is a triumph of colour. The sportiveness of Phædria, her vivacity, has not been caught, perhaps not attempted, and the little Cupid is introduced in very questionable taste; part of Phædria's character, is her uniqueness and solitariness; she sits, and glides, and laughs alone; surely Mr Etty does not consider the little god as a nobody. The flowers, and the boat, which the artist has made to be of mother-of-pearl, are most admirable; the boat is a perfect wonder of brilliant, varied, and true colour. 326, 'A scene from the comedy of the Honey Moon,' G. Clint, A. is very well painted; particularly the girls' head.

There is not much in 342, 'Shakspeare reading one of his plays to Queen Elizabeth,' and the drawing is more defective than we should have expected from Mr Wood. 354, 'Portrait of a Lady,' H. Sass,—not a favorable specimen of what the artist can do; but Mr Sass has rested his fame rather upon his teaching, to which he has devoted all his life, and all his remarkable energy, and is now without a rival. Acuteness of eye, ready comprehension of character,

encouraging manners, familiarity with technicalities and unfailing patience are the requisites for a teacher; and in Mr Sass, they are joined to the most enthusiastic love of the art, and a universal kindness and intense interest in his pupils. 359, 'The Cathedral of Burgos,' D. Roberts, is a fine building, and very vigorously painted; but it is scarcely so solid as Roberts generally paints. 363, 'On the coast of Normandy,' C. Stanfield, R.A. elect, not one of Stanfield's best; but in parts extremely beautiful,—as the water in the foreground, which is wonderfully fresh and salient. 387, 'The Bride of Lammermuir,' H. Montague. The unfortunate victim of parental tyranny, has just murdered her ill-fated and ill-assorted Bridegroom, and is crouching, crazed and jibbering, in the chimney corner. The subject is an awful one, and the design falls no way short of the subject; the face of the girl is a fearful mixture of beauty, feminine gentleness, fierce madness, and horror. 395, 'King Richard the First of England, surnamed Cœur de Lion, and the Soldan Saladin,' S.A. Hart. A very showy picture, possessing a good deal of interest, but overcharged in the action, and not quite true we think in the expression; the view taken of the subject is inartificial. Richard is vulgar, neither kingly, nor knightly in his bearing; Saladin is wanting in life and elevation of character. 416, 'Tam O'Shanter,' J. P. Knight,—the jolly party carousing previous to Tam's departure. The characters are decidedly and spiritedly portrayed, and the effect of fire-light is excellent;—the illusion is complete.

Besides the pictures, there are in the rooms up stairs, many portraits, which our limits forbid our more than generally alluding to, but which will interest all who care to see the faces of those they hear talked of;—portraits of public characters, male and female, literary, scientific, political, and so forth.

To be concluded next week.

[The current No. of the History of British Fishes, of the Arboretum Britannicum, and Vol. I. of the new edition of Milton, with illustrations by Turner, we are obliged to postpone till next week, for want of space.]

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. II.—CHAUCER, (CONTINUED).

SEVERAL of Chaucer's best poems are translations from the Italian and French, but of so exquisite a kind, so improved in character, so enlivened with fresh natural touches and freed from comparative superfluity (in some instances, freed from all superfluity) that they justly take the rank of originals. We are sorry that we have not the poem of Boccaccio by us, from which he took the 'Knight's Tale,' containing the passages that follow,—in order that we might prove this to the reader; but it is lucky perhaps in other respects, for it would have led us beyond our limits; and all that we profess in these extracts, is to give just so many passages of an author as shall suffice for evidence of his various characteristics. We take, from his garden, specimens of the flowers for which he is eminent, and send them before the public as in a horticultural show. To see them in their due juxtaposition and abundance, we must refer to the gardens themselves; to which it is of course one of our objects to tempt the beholder ultimately.

PHYSICAL LIFE AND MOVEMENT.

A young Knight going a-Maying.

Compare the saliency, and freshness, and natural language of the following description of Arcite going a-Maying, with the more artificial version of the passage in Dryden. Sir Walter Scott says of it, that the modern poet must yield to the ancient, in spite of “the beauty of his versification.” But with all due respect to Sir Walter, here is the versification itself, as superior in its impulsive melody, even to Dryden's, as a thoroughly unaffected beauty is to a beauty half spoilt.

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Salueth* in her song the morrow grey,

* Salueth.

And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his streamer drieth, in the grevés (1)
The silver droppés hanging on the leavés:
And Arcite, that is in the court réal (2)
With Theseus, the squér principal,
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
And for to do his ôbservance to May,
Remembring on the point of his desire,
He on his courser, starting as the fire,

[An admirable image! He means those sudden catches and impulses of a fiery horse, analogous to the shifting starts of a flame in action.]

Is ridden to the fieldés, him to play,
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway;

[These are the mixtures of the particular with the general, by which natural poets come home to us.]

And to the grove, of which that I you told,
By aventure (3) his way he gan to hold,
To maken him a garland of the grevés,
Were it of woodbind, or of hawthorn leavés,
And loud he sang against the sunny sheen; (4)
May,—with all thy flowrés and thy green,
Right welcome be thou, fairé freshé May:
I hope that I some green here gotten may.

["I hope that I may get some green here;"—an expression a little more off-hand and trusting, and fit for the season, than the conventional common-places of the passage in Dryden—

"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear!" &c.]

PORTRAITS OF TWO WARRIOR KINGS.

There mayst thou see, coming with Palamon,
Licurge himself, the greaté King of Thrace,
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;

[Here is Dryden's and Pope's turn of line anticipated under its noblest form.]

The circles of his eye in his head
They gloweden betwixen yellow and red,
And like a griffon looked he about,
With combed hairés on his browés stout;

[That is to say, a forehead of the simplest, potent appearance, with no pains taken to set it out.]

His limbés great his brawnés hard and strong,
His shoulders broad, his armés round and long;
And as the guisé was in his countrée,
Full high upon a car of gold stood he,
With fouré whité bullés in the trace
Instead of coat armôur on his harnâce, (5)
With nailés yellow, and bright as any gold,
He had a bearé's skin, cole-black for old.
His longé hair was comb'd behind his back,
As any raven's feather it shone for black.
A wreath of gold arm-great, of hugé weight,
Upon his head sate full of stonés bright,
Of fine rubies and of diamonds.
About his ear there wenten white alauns (6)
Twenty and more, as great as any steer,
To huntén at the lion or the deer,
And followed him, with muzzle fast ybound,
Collar'd with gold, and tourettes (7) filed round.
A hundred lordés had he in his rout
Armed full well with heartés stern and stout.
With Arcite, in stories as men find,
The great Emetrius, the King of Ind,
Upon a steedé bay, trapped in steel,
Over'd with cloth of gold diâpréd wele, (8)
Same riding like the god of armés, Mars;

[There's a noble line, with the monosyllable for a climax!]

His coat-armôur was of a cloth of Tars; (9)
Couchéd (8) with pearlés white and round and great;

His crispé hair like ringés was y-run,
And that was yellow, and glittered as the sun;
His nose was high, his eye bright citrine, (9)
His lippés round, his colour was sanguine,
A few frackness (10) in his face ysprent, (11)
Betwixen yellow and black somdeâl yment (12)
And as a lion he is looking cast.

[He does not omit the general impression, notwith-

(1) Groves. (2) Royal.
(3) *Per aventura* (Italian)—by chance. (4) The sunshine.

(5) Harness.
(6) *Alauns*, (Spanish), a species of hound.

(7) Rings on the collars, to leash by.
(8) Imbedded.

(9) Citron-colour. It seems to imply what has been sometimes called a green-eye—a hazel dashed with a sort of sparkling yellow.

(10) Freckles. (11) Sprinkled.
(12) Mingled.

standing all those particulars. You may see his portrait close or at a distance, as you please.]

Of five-and-twenty years his age I cast *;
His beard was well beginning for to spring;
His voice was as a trumpé, thundering.

A hundred lordés had he with him there,
All arméd, save their heads, in all their gear;
Full richly in allé manner thingés;
For trusteth well, † that earlés, dukés, kingés,
Were gather'd in this noble company,
For love, and for increase of chivalry.
About this king there ran in every part,
Full many a tame lion and leopart.

* Reckon.—Chaucer, like the Italians and French, used the same word for a rhyme, provided the meaning was different.

† Believe me. The third person singular, had the force, in those days, of the imperative.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

MY DEAR SIR,—One of your delightful Journal's greatest charms, is, that it teaches us to look on the bright, the poetic side of life; and to be grateful that it offers us so many sun-shiny prospects. "There is a story in one of Zitter's Letters to Youth," says the writer of the eloquent defence of Coleridge, against the accusations of 'The Opium Eater,'* "of two of Frederick's guards, one of whom said to the other, as the king went by—'Look what a bad hat the king has on!' 'Stupid dog!' cried the other, 'look what a head he has!' These speeches," the writer continues, "are typical of the two classes of mankind." Your Correspondent in his letter, in No. 53—not only considers happy marriages as events of rare occurrence, but also that unhappy ones are the universal misery. I am not one who can see a married pair "get on pretty well together," as the phrase runs, (which means, with extremely well-bred indifference) and call them *happy*; and yet I venture to hope that you will agree with me, when I say, that earth would be "a vale of tears" indeed, despite all its gorgeous colouring, if there were not very many blessedly happy marriages in it—though, your Correspondent will pardon my saying, it would be difficult to imagine their happiness founded on his philosophy of *opposite qualities*. Nature has formed man and woman essentially different characters, and though

ours "was the nobler birth,

For we from man were made—man but of earth,
The son of dust!"—

I cannot admit either of inferiority or superiority but if less of

"The original clay of coarse mortality
Hardens and flaws around"

us, than man,—if woman is the more refined creature, it may be owing to her "nobler birth." But it is in man that genius loves to immortalise her incomprehensible powers, and all her wonderful gifts are lavished on him. Woman hovers very sweetly over the "shine and shade" of our beautiful world, but man only can soar to heaven and fetch from thence the heavenly fire that woman worships. Philosophers have censured our indiscriminate admiration of the bravery of "Captain Sword;" and we grant that the mere soldier's bravery, if it include no better species of valour—no loftier moral courage—ought not to be ranked much above a fine animal instinct. We do indeed give it all the admiration it deserves, and, perhaps, a little more; first, because it is our nature's opposite; and secondly, because we are generous: (I know you love a little frankness), but no woman, who has two ideas in her head, is content even with a lion's valour, unless there be joined to it the man's heart. And moral courage is part of the wisdom of the heart. I will make no remark on that different, and peculiarly feminine mental courage, which is woman's fairest attribute; for, methinks, you already smile at my eagerness to prove what few would disallow, that nature has kindly bestowed on man and his help-meet so [ample a

dower of opposites, that they are in no danger of falling victims to the dulness of monotony: but Nature's opposites, when conducted wisely, all blend together into harmony; while the artificial unlikenesses of habits, pursuits, &c., would, almost unavoidably produce discord, even if they could exist with true love.

When I have next the pleasure of being in company with a phrenologist, I will beg the favour to be informed whether the organ of devotion (of veneration, I believe I should say) is not strikingly developed in woman; for she can love her God with all her heart, yet prays

—"to be forgiven for the sin
Of loving aught on earth with such a love,"

as overflows the same heart for that being, whom, next to her God, she "looks up to;"—for this is the very essence of woman's love. Surely then, with such feelings, she would unconsciously abandon her former pursuits, tastes, and habits, for his—nay, her very thoughts and opinions would be apt to receive from his, new impressions.

You have given us a very beautiful story, in No. 56, of "true love." Will you accept a pendant to it, that will defend me from the charge of being a theorist:—But your story is of true love *before* marriage—mine is, of true, and, thank God, living *wedded* love.

While I was staying with my sister and her husband, some few years ago, I spent the greatest part of a day from their happy home. On my return, when all the children were put to bed, my sister and I sat ourselves to talk over, as sisters are wont, the hours of absence—and I had an incident to relate, which we examined minutely; trying it by all the severe tests of *ifs* and *buts*—and we ended by assuring each other, that our opinions entirely coincided. My brother-in-law had been dining out, and, though he returned late, my little story was told and discussed anew, and his opinion was directly opposite to my sister's and mine. To this moment I think he was mistaken—but my sweet sister turned her bright and loving smile from her husband's face to me, saying, in the softest tone of gentle decision, "Well, *after all, I'm sure P—must be right.*" I threw my arms round her neck, exclaiming—"Delightful!" and ran off to bed.

¶ We hear of the unhappy marriages; but the sound of the multitude of happy ones seldom passes beyond their own atmosphere of bliss.

FEMINA.

¶ * * * This letter (of which, with a horrible self-denial, we have been obliged to leave out a passage, engraved in our heart) is worth a hundred ordinary disquisitions on some of the questions agitated respecting marriage, and the relative claims of the sexes. That there will be great improvements in all the conditions of society, as knowledge and justice advance together, we doubt not; and that in the mean time, marriages are too often unhappy, will be denied by no one. But as our fair Correspondent says, it is in the nature of unhappy marriages to make a noise and be heard of, while the happy ones are less known, by reason of their very quiet. The charming sisterly anecdote, so honourable to all parties,—with the running off to bed, and the father of several children still so implicitly beloved—is like a scene in Wycherly or Congreve, with innocence added to the gaiety.—ED.

TABLE TALK.

SPECIMEN OF THE FAMOUS SOCRATIC MODE OF PUZZLING A DISPUTANT.

In the latter, he attacks the fastness of pagan priestcraft; and reduces Euthyphron, who maintains that there are duties peculiarly due to the gods, and who is engaged on this principle in the prosecution of his own father for a murder, to a nonplus. The toil is thus artfully spread. Euthyphron, on Socrates' pretended wish for information, lays down, that what is pleasing to the gods is sacred, what is otherwise, profane: a position he is obliged to abandon on considering the acknowledged difference of sentiment among the gods: when he adopts, at Socrates' suggestion, the amendment, that what is pleasing to all the gods is sacred, what is displeasing to all pro-

* See the British Magazine for January 1835.

fane, and the not indifferent. On which, Socrates, who has apparently gained little advantage in this first round, but the credit of giving his antagonist a fall and setting him on his legs again, proceeds to involve him in perplexity in this way. As when any thing acts or suffers, it is active and passive because it acts and suffers, and does not act and suffer because it is active and passive; so when anything pleases, it is pleasing because it pleases, and does not please because it is pleasing; but that which is sacred confessedly pleases the gods, because it is sacred, and is not sacred because it pleases the gods; therefore, that which pleases the gods cannot be sacred, nor that which is sacred pleasing to the gods, the one being pleasing because it pleases, while the other pleases because it is pleasing:—an entangling subtlety, which can hardly be exhibited but in Greek; and which we might wish, perhaps, with Johnson, not difficult merely, but impossible of exhibition in any language. Socrates then leads Euphyphron to assert or to allow, that sanctity is a part of duty; that it is that part which relates to the service of the gods; that it consists in rightly giving and rightly taking: and that it may be regarded consequently as a sort of commerce between heaven and earth. But in commerce, what is useful is given for what is useful. Do we give for their favours what is useful to the gods? Euphyphron, with a sort of pious horror, instantly rejects this idea, and says,—not what is useful, but what is agreeable. He is then brought round to the point from whence they started, since what is agreeable is synonymous to what is pleasing: and, feigning an awkward excuse, abruptly breaks up the conference. There is in all this, surely, much solemn trifling—a childish attempt to puzzle and confound, by considerations entirely foreign from the merits of the question; and the best apology for Socrates, if justly reported on this occasion by Plato, is, that he fought the sophists with their own weapons, and endeavoured, in a good cause, to—“win his way by yielding to the tide.”—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

“All individuals have but a certain portion of love in their composition, and it is a pity to exhaust it at once. Who are the persons with whom we remain on good terms to our old age?—why those whom we never cared about.”—“What a selfish idea!” exclaimed Madame de Merveur.—“I am only speaking the

truth, which, to be sure, I might have put into finer words. Had I talked of inconstancy, the misery of unreciprocated feelings, of love enduring as love never yet endured, both yourself and Signora Carrara would have been equally charmed and touched. Ay, ay, merge the selfishness in the sentiment, and it will be sure to take; people will be so thankful to you for a decent excuse.”—“Have you, then, no belief,” asked Madame de Merveur, “in disinterested and lasting attachment?”—“*Passe pour cela*,” exclaimed the chevalier, “I will not answer for all the vain beliefs that may have passed through that receptacle of confusion the human mind; but this I will say, that the causes of inconstancy are much misunderstood. It is commonly said, that love never lasts. Now, that is not so much from change or that it exhausts itself, as that it is mixed up with the paltry cares and daily interests of life; thus losing its ideality, which constitutes its great charm. Two lovers begin by reading poetry, and end by casting up bills together. The reason why an unfortunate attachment outlasts the one more happy, is that it is less confounded with the commonplace of existence.”—“I must say,” cried the Duc de Merveur, “you are the very last person I should have suspected of subtilising on sentiment.”—“Ah!” replied De Joinville, “the truth is, that nobody knows anything about anybody. Our nearest and dearest friends have a thousand thoughts and feelings which we have never even suspected. We look in them only for what reflects our own. Our very sympathy is egotism.”—“Nay,” said Francesca, “there is nothing which appears to me so exaggerated as the common exclamations about the selfishness of human nature. We are a great deal better than we make ourselves out to be.”—“If Mademoiselle Carrara speaks from her own personal experience, I, for one, will not contradict her.”—“Nay,” answered she, “I will not be complimented out of my position; mine was a general position. Kind and generous impulses are rife in our nature. Look at the pity which springs, spontaneously, at the sight of affliction—witness the admiration, so ready, to welcome any great action; and call to mind the thousand slight acts of kindness almost unmarked, because of such daily occurrence.”—“I felicitate you, on your experience,” said the Chevalier, rising, “and will now depart, and, at least, try to preserve so grateful an impression.”—True enough was the Chevalier’s assertion, that we know but little of even our most intimate friends; and yet this does not originate from want of sympathy;

it is rather owing to the extreme sensitiveness of all our more imaginative feelings. How many emotions are in every heart, which we never dream of communicating! They are too fine, too fragile, for expression, like those delicate hues on the atmosphere, which never yet could painter embody. Moreover, there is an odd sort of satisfaction which we take in making ourselves other than we are. This is a species of deception which defies analysis and is yet universally practised. Some make themselves out better, some worse, than they really are, but none give themselves their exact likeness. Perhaps it is, that the ideal faculty is so strongly developed in us, that we cannot help exercising it, even upon the reality of ourselves.—*Francesca Carrara.*

MILTON’S EGOTISM.

In the ‘Paradise Lost’—indeed in every one of his poems—it is Milton himself whom you see; his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve—are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton’s works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.—*Coleridge’s Table Talk.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not know whether to be most delighted with the letter of our warm-hearted Correspondent of Croydon, or most to regret that she should take a different view from our own, of any matter. But we fear the selfish part of the dilemma predominates; and that we are so pleased, we cannot be generous enough to feel the becoming amount of sorrow.

The American vessel, so obligingly alluded to by our fair friend of “Auld Lang Syne,” conveyed kindred of the person in question, but not the person himself.

Various Correspondents will oblige us by looking at the last number of our Journal but one.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

LIFE OF KEAN.

The Life of Edmund Kean. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 260 and 280. London. Moxon. 1835.

NATURALLY connected, and in some sort dependent upon each other as the two often are, how different in all things are the positions of a great author and a great actor! Take the case in which each fills while alive a large space in the public eye. Yet, whatever may be an author’s popularity in his lifetime, and even the influence which he exercises over his fellow-men, his true fame and dominion begin only after his death, and lie in that boundless future which he may not behold, save with the eye of hope or prophetic anticipation. Being dead, he yet liveth in his immortal books; and no comparison can be drawn between that unripe and every way limited power which he wields, even in the most favourable cases, for some dozen or score of years over a portion of his contemporaries, and the universal empire which becomes his inheritance after the consenting voices of successive generations have ratified his claims, and the world looks up to him as one of its fixed and permanent lights as naturally and believingly as it does to the stars in the firmament of heaven. To the actor there is no future. Remembered he may be, and, if great enough, will be, long after his death; but of his power over the minds and hearts of men he will not, and cannot, retain one particle, let him have been as great as you choose. His life is merely in the breath of his nostrils;—he is the man of his own times, and no more.

There is one way, however, in which persons eminent only during their lives may bequeath something of themselves to posterity; and in that they have often the advantage over those whose chief eminence comes

after death. As men exclusively of the present, it will generally happen that they have played a more bustling and conspicuous part within that narrow circle, than the others, whose more real existence is in the time to come. Their personal history, therefore, will often be more varied and striking,—more interesting, and even more instructive;—and that they may leave behind them. It may be written and given to the world, we mean, either by themselves or others. In this way the name which is now nothing but a name, may be made at least “to point a moral or adorn a tale”—the proper duty in such cases made and provided.

Among lives of this sort, the lives of actors are apt to be not the least curious. The world in which they professionally move is, to be sure, a sufficiently circumscribed one, and so peculiar withal, that it has scarcely any attraction at all for the more catholic, which are also the deepest and most intense, of our human sympathies; but this is of little consequence. Biography is interesting not for the events of extensive importance with which the career of the hero may be connected—such things, extinguishing the individual in the act and its consequences, make rather the interest of history—but for what he is in himself, and for what he does and suffers that affects only his own fortunes or displays his own character. Let the narrative be only rich in incidents and manifestations of the latter kind, and we are satisfied. Give us strength of mind, or of passion, earnestness in the pursuit of any object, and something in adventure out of the common straight and level rail-road of existence, and we are sure to be carried along, up hill and down dale, with the subject of the story, be he who or what he may. Now, whatever else there

may be either not in players which we like, or in them which we do not like, they usually have at least enthusiasm in abundance, and their dance through life is often fantastic to the wildest degree. Accustomed as they are to represent or mimic all sorts of fictitious wonders, they would seem to have a right to live more poetically or dramatically than other people, and to encounter more plentifully in their eccentric course those realities which are even stranger than fiction.

We have not for a long time met with a book that has absorbed us more completely than this ‘Life of Kean.’ It is the production of Mr Procter (better known by his poetical name of Barry Cornwall) and its literary merits, of course, are in many respects of a very superior order. The narrative, for the most part, is admirably well given, in a style equally forcible and easy; and the criticism is just and eloquent; though we think the author might have omitted the dissertations on the Shakspearian characters in the second volume, which will be the less desired in proportion to the interest Mr Procter has excited in his story. What we regret more however is, that our author should have thought it necessary to elevate himself so much above his subject. The tone which prevails throughout the work of something not certainly amounting to contempt on the part of the author for his subject, but yet of indifference towards it, or, as we have already said, of superiority to it, is not agreeable. We suppose, for one thing, it offends our self-love that a writer should affect himself to despise, or at least not to care for, what he nevertheless evidently expects that we, his readers, shall take an interest in, and what in fact we feel does interest us a great deal.

The first volume is by far the most interesting of the two. It details the history of Kean's youth and early professional life, while he was a strolling provincial player, and subject to all the chances and miseries of that precarious life. This portion of the narrative vies in interest with Hazlitt's 'Memoirs of Holcroft,' and has been rarely out done by the hap-piest creations of fiction.

We nowhere receive any distinct information as to the sources or authorities from which the author has taken his facts. He talks sometimes of materials with which he has been supplied, and also quotes occasionally from statements written or printed; but even in regard to these last he does not always state enough to enable us to judge of their value or authenticity. At times he leaves us in doubt whether what he quotes has been before published or is taken from an original communication. This mode of writing, which appears to be one of the results of the author's strong sense of his superiority to the subject, is somewhat unsatisfactory to readers with anything of a critical temper. We take it for granted, however, that the materials of the book have been principally obtained from the surviving members of Kean's family.

Although the matter is somewhat doubtful, the author considers it most probable that Kean was really the son of the person who always called herself his mother, the late Miss Ann Carey. His father is supposed to have been Edmund Kean, who, we are told, "was in the employ of a Mr Wilmot, the builder of the Royalty Theatre, and whilst occupied there, became intimate with Miss Carey, at that time an actress." The author considers Kean to have been most probably born in the year 1787, although Miss Tidswell (a lady who has been supposed by many to have been really his mother) expressly states that he came into the world on the 17th of March, 1789. Miss Tidswell, from her own account, appears to have been present at his birth, in the chambers in Gray's Inn, occupied by Miss Carey's father, George Saville Carey, "a person," says the author, "who, (after) acting 'without much effect, at Covent garden for a single season) lectured on heads, mimicry, &c., and drew upon that indefinite patrimony, his wits, for both reputation and support. He died in 1807. Her grandfather, Henry Carey, was author of 'Chrononhotonthologos,' 'The Dragon of Wantley,' and various operas and interludes now with the moths. He is also answerable for a quantity of indifferent ballads, (published under the title of 'The Musical Century') in which he was both writer and composer. This last named gentleman terminated his career unhappily. He perished in his house in Cold Bath Fields, in the year 1743, having strangled himself with a cord, whilst in a state of despondency." The author omits to mention that Henry Carey was the author of the beautiful ballad of 'Sally in our Alley,' which, as it has been remarked, "Addison praised for the words, and Geminiani for the music." He also omits to state that Carey was the illegitimate son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, a distinguished patron of literary men, and a not undistinguished cultivator of literature himself—so that Kean (if Miss Carey's son) makes out a pedigree at last, both aristocratical and intellectual.

We must pass over altogether the future great actor's neglected boyhood—during which he passed from hand to hand among various persons who took a fancy for the beautiful child, and then after a little while became tired of him—and at other times strolled about the country with his reputed mother, who had now become an itinerant seller of flowers and perfume. The only schooling he ever seems to have received was at a little day school in London, which he attended for a short time, but at which he learned little or nothing. He early shewed a talent for recitation, and about 1794 or 1795, he is recorded to have appeared, as Master Carey, in various child's parts at Drury Lane. A few years after this he enlisted in Richardson's company of strollers at Windsor. His practice here, and some tuition in the same line he had received before, made him the accomplished swordsman, dancer, horseman, and performer in pantomime, which he continued to be so

long as his bodily powers retained their vigour. In 1804 he joined the Sheerness company, as a member of which, he had the honour of acting at Belfast with Mrs Siddons. Other similar engagements followed; and in July 1806, he married, at Cheltenham, Miss Chambers, who then, like himself, belonged to Beverley's company, which he had shortly before joined at Gloucester. At this time his salary was a guinea a week, when he got anything at all; but the theatrical treasury was often empty—or circumstances would sometimes throw him out of an engagement altogether. The husband and wife had been for some time at Birmingham, when they received an invitation from Cherry, the manager of the Swansea theatre, to lead the business at the latter place at five-and-twenty shillings a week. Anxious to better his fortunes, Kean accepted this engagement. The difficulty, however, was how to get to Swansea, which was a hundred-and-fifty miles distant. Mrs Kean was then near her confinement, and instead of having any money to defray the expenses of the journey, they were, without a sixpence in their pockets, about fifteen pounds in debt. In this extremity, Kean wrote to Cherry, and obtained an advance from him of two pounds. The narrative then proceeds as follows:—

"With this sum he could not of course pay all his debts; but a week's lodging then due, amounting to ten shillings, and some other trifling debts, were necessarily to be discharged; these paid, the tragedian and his wife found that they had not quite twenty shillings in their purse, and the whole long and unknown road to Swansea before them.

"They set out. It was four o'clock on a fine July morning, when they shook the dust of Birmingham from their feet, and commenced their journey on foot towards Bristol. Their poverty compelled them to be thus early risers; for creditors at Birmingham, like those in other places, have quick eyes and "flinty hearts." They walked slowly (for Mrs Kean was now very infirm), and arranged that they should travel about ten or twelve miles a-day, if possible. Kean, dressed in blue from head to foot, with his dark sharp resolute face, a black stock, and four swords over his shoulder (suspending the family bundle of clothes,) looked like a poor little navy lieutenant, whom the wars had left on half-pay and penniless, trudging on, with his wife, to his native village. This resemblance (for it is not an imagination of ours) procured them from time to time some little attentions, and always commanded respect. After walking a few miles, they sat down by the wayside to rest. Kean, perceiving a small river near the spot, delivered up the swords and bundle to his wife, and, after finding a convenient place, plunged in the water, and swam about for a few minutes. This, with the exception of a single meal, was all the refreshment they had till the evening, when they found themselves at a village about twelve miles from Birmingham. A very humble supper and a cheap bed concluded the day. The following days, the

'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.'

passed in the same fatiguing and cheerless manner. They did not meet with an adventure. All that they particularly noted was, that the space between themselves and Bristol narrowed very slowly, and that their money was rapidly diminishing.

"At last they arrived at Bristol, without a penny. They chose a small public house to put up at, 'The Mulberry-tree,' and entered into an anxious consultation as to their 'ways and means'; the result of which was that Kean determined to write to Cherry for a second advance. It may easily be imagined that the interval between their letter and Cherry's reply was passed uncomfortably enough; but there was no help for it. They had walked a hundred miles, and they had still eighty more to travel, before they could reach Swansea. It was impossible to accomplish this without money, and to raise money upon the little articles of dress which they had with them was equally past hope; for they had none to spare. Even the swords (and they were not of Damascus) would be required when they arrived at Swansea, for the immediate business of the theatre; and there was nothing else which the harshest scrutiny could have pronounced superfluous. After four or five days' expectation, however, Cherry's letter arrived. It enclosed two pounds more. Out of this sum they paid their five days' bill at 'The Mulberry-tree,' amounting to twenty-five shillings, and with the remaining fifteen, started on the same evening for Swansea.

It was not long before they came to a small knot of houses by the river Avon, (could this have been Clifton Hot-wells?) when going into a public house for the purpose of taking tea, they found

that a boat, bound to Newport, was likely to pass in the course of the evening. They comforted themselves with the tea, and afterwards wore away the time by walking to and fro by the side of the river, watching for the Newport boat. This occupied them till ten o'clock. At that hour, a little vessel, laden with hemp and tar, and other things infinitely more useful than fragrant, arrived. It was dark, and the master (or captain) of the vessel was not inclined to stop for the sake of two poor players. However, Kean's rhetoric prevailed in the end, and the man agreed to take them, for five shillings, to Newport. They embarked. The boat was very small, as we have said; it was, moreover, completely occupied by its load, and gave out from every part a detestable odour. There was no bed in it, nor refreshment of any kind. Mrs Kean, who was in great and increasing pain, and apprehensive, in fact, of a sudden confinement, lay down upon a coil of ropes, but was unable to sleep. Kean himself walked the deck all night with the master of the boat, mistaken no longer, we apprehend, for a naval officer; for the salt-water wits very speedily make out to which element a passenger belongs. Thus they sailed on steadily, but slowly; and at nine in the morning the vessel swung into Newport, and discharged its theatrical cargo.

"After breakfasting at Newport, where they found a 'kind landlady' and clean quarters, they proceeded on foot to Cardiff. Here Mrs Kean appeared so overcome by pain that her husband wished her to remain. She refused, however, with the pertinacity common, we are sorry to say, to the sex, and after dinner (which consisted—the reader may be curious?—of cold salt beef), the travellers set forward again. They walked from six o'clock in the evening till one in the morning, when they arrived, half dead with fatigue, at Cowbridge. To add to their distress, the public house at this place was shut up, and all sober people were in bed. Kean announced his arrival by striking, with his four swords, at the inn-door. Whether this had too military an effect, and sounded like a summons to surrender, we do not know; but the landlady seemed reluctant to give an answer. At last, after repeated applications to the door, she came down and inquired, in Welsh, who were there. Kean, in authoritative English, cried—'Open the door!' The woman, retorted in Welsh, and appearances altogether seemed to favour the idea that the travellers would for that night sleep under no canopy save that of Canopus. Better things turned out, however. The landlady relented into English, and eventually showed herself worthy of belonging to that respectable country, whose antiquity is so strongly insisted on; and whose origin, in fact, appears to have been forgotten, even in the times, when, according to the histories of the Chinese and the Jews, the foundations of the earth were laid. Nothing, in short, could be more kind than she was. She exerted herself in all ways; helping the lady into a comfortable bed, and placing a large piece of cold meat and an ample jug of cider before our hero, who, it is but justice to say, did superlative honour to his Welsh entertainment.

"Another morning rose upon our travellers. They rose, too, with the morning, and once more set forwards towards the odious Swansea, whose distance seemed to remain still perversely the same, like that of the never-ending horizon. Without breakfast, which their reduced finances would not allow them to take, it may be supposed that they did not proceed very merrily. 'Time and the hour,' however, brought them, a little before mid-day, to a village school-house, where the mistress (happy in the absence of her scholars) supplied them with breakfast, and refused to take any money in return.

"Kean, revived by the school-mistress's fare, trudged on with renewed spirits. We know not what feat or combat (in Tekeli or Richard) he might have been meditating, when suddenly a man jumped out of the hedge, and asked peremptorily—"Is that your wife?" This is sometimes a very awkward question. It was not so in the present instance, indeed; notwithstanding which, our hero declined a reply. His silence nourished the rogue's courage, who went on another length—"If she's not," said he roughly, "she must come with me." The blood of Mrs Kean, at this intimation, fell down to zero; but the blood of the tragedian mounted. He unsling his bundle of swords, and taking one (it was his 'Richard sword,') he unsheathed it in an instant, and was about to try its metal upon his new acquaintance, when that personage started off, and made his way over hedge and ditch, with an expedition that we had supposed to belong only to experienced London debtors living on their wits, when they know that a tipstaff with a fatal touch is coming swiftly in their wake. The man escaped, and Mrs Kean and her champion walked wearily on till they reached the sands, which are about five miles distant from Swansea. At this place, Kean endeavoured to obtain from the occupier of a cottage, a little milk for his wife, who was sinking with fatigue. The churl refused. Kean tendered the few halfpence that he possessed, but these were rejected. He therefore collected some water for her in his hat, and thus humbly refreshed, the poor pair continued to struggle on till evening, when they, at last, set foot in the almost un-

attainable Swansea! The cold boiled leg of mutton and cider which they that evening sate down before, in the boat-house, and ate with an appetite surpassed only by those who were shut up in the Tower of Fame, existed like a splendid and happy vision in their memories for more than twenty years.

"We have extended the account of this journey somewhat beyond what we originally intended, in order that 'all young readers' (as good Mr Newberry's books say—or used to say) may see how one of the high and crowned kings of tragedy was accustomed to travel: before they resolve irrevocably to enrol themselves under those ragged and tawdry colours which float above the English Drama—a sign and prophecy of the player's fortunes!"

Kean's first child, a boy, to whom he gave the name of Howard, was born at Swansea, on the 13th of September 1809. About two years after, his second son, the present Mr Charles Kean, was born at Waterford. By this time the habits of the husband and father seem to have become those of a confirmed drunkard; the friends which he made by his talents he constantly lost by his misconduct; and the misery of the wretched family was now greater than ever.

"It is needless (proceeds our author) to repeat the every-day wants and troubles which the poor actor and his family, day after day, encountered in this and other peregrinations. Their long journeys, in all weathers,—their arrivals, weary and foot-sore, at the squalid public-houses where they put up,—their scanty meals,—their visits to the pawnbroker and the Jew,—their hopeless appeals to the public taste,—the cries of the children (from fatigue or want of food),—the tears of the woman, and the curses of the man,—all these, fifty times repeated, would make but an unprofitable and tedious history. We content ourselves with giving a few facts, illustrative of our hero's forlorn condition; without exhibiting, at every turn, the poverty and wretchedness of his course. At York, as we have said, he arrived, utterly destitute. So extreme was his need, that he wished to enlist as a common soldier, and actually presented himself, for that purpose, to an officer attached to a regiment at York, who very good-naturedly dissuaded him from his design. He was, perhaps, as desperate of attaining the objects of his ambition, at this particular time, as at any period of his chequered life. And with his despair, his wife's despondency naturally kept pace. She saw no hope of extricating her infants from the load of misery and want which oppressed them. More than once, she has knelt down by the side of her bed, in which the two half-famished children lay, and prayed that they and herself might at once be released from their sufferings. Happily, they were relieved by the intervention of a friend. The wife of a Mr Nokes (then a dancing-master at York), heard of their extreme distress, and went with a heart brimful of benevolence to their aid. She was shown up to the room where Mrs Kean and the children were, and after having ascertained the truth of the report concerning their condition, she spoke kindly to them all, put something in Mrs Kean's hand, wished her good morning, and left the house. On her departure, Mrs Kean opened the paper which this excellent woman had left, and discovered that she had given her a five pound bank note! She threw herself on her knees, and fainted. They had been rescued from absolute starvation."

At last, in the summer of 1813, while Kean was acting at Teignmouth, he attracted the notice of Dr Drury (formerly head-master of Harrow) and this eventually led to his introduction to the committee of management at Drury lane. But some of the hardest sufferings of his life had still to be undergone on the very eve of his triumphant conquest of fame and fortune. So poor was he at this time, that having sent forward his wife and their eldest child, who was ill, in the coach, from Barnstable to Dorchester, on their way to London, he was himself obliged to follow on foot with the youngest on his back. At Dorchester he sustained a terrible blow by the death of the poor little boy Howard, who seems to have been a child of much promise, and was the pride and darling of his father. And then when he at last found himself in London, a misunderstanding with the authorities at Drury Lane suddenly dashed the cup of hope to the ground, while he had it at his lips. The negotiation which had been begun was broken off, and he was left, without an engagement, to starve. After giving a long letter, which he wrote to Dr Drury, detailing the usage he had met with, the author proceeds:—

"From the 6th of November 1813, to the 26th of January, 1814, Kean remained at his lodgings,

No. 21 Cecil street, in the Strand, in much the same state of commotion that he appears to have been in at the time of writing the foregoing letter. During this period, he did not receive a single shilling from the theatre (except the sum of 8*l.* before alluded to, which was sent to Dorchester), and he neither earned nor borrowed money from any other quarter. He lived—he, his wife, and child—in the most penurious way; sometimes disposing of a few clothes; sometimes, and not unfrequently, being indebted for their food to the untiring kindness of the Misses Williams, with whom they lodged; and occasionally undergoing a course of starvation. They had meat once a week, if possible; but their aliment was generally of the poorest sort, and taken in the slenderest quantities. The necessity of supporting the child as tenderly as might be, doubled their difficulties; and something of that pride "which flesh is heir to," prevented their acknowledging the extremity of their distress to their excellent hostesses. These ladies, with a generous delicacy, forbore to ask them for any rent during the first three months of their residence in London, and even resorted to expedients to furnish them with a meal, now and then, when the desperate condition of the poor players became too manifest for concealment. When Mrs Kean apologised for the rent being still unpaid, Miss Williams (instead of adopting the landlord's usual remedy, and ejecting her debtors promptly into the street) cheered her up; told her that they could wait; and prophesied, good-naturedly as to the future renown and prosperity of her husband. 'There is something about Mr Kean, Ma'am,' said she, 'which tells us he will be a great man.'

At last, the state of affairs at Drury constantly getting worse, induced the Committee to turn their attention once more to Kean. The result was that he was announced for the part of Shylock, on Wednesday the 26th of January 1814. We wish we had room to quote our author's animated and cordial account of the public events of that night, so celebrated in the annals of the stage. We must content ourselves with giving a part of its still more interesting domestic history. That day Kean had had, what he had not always, a dinner. "His courage," says our author, "was to be braced, and his voice strengthened, by a little generous diet. Accordingly, his wife produced before him, (by the usual alchemy, we suppose, some rapid conversion of velvet or satin into silver,) a beef-steak and a pot of porter." On this he dined heartily. "After dinner," the narrative goes on, "Kean prepared for the awful evening. His stock of 'properties' was very scanty. He tied up his wig and collar, however, and an old pair of black silk stockings, in a pocket-handkerchief, thrust them into his great-coat pocket, and trudged through the snow to Drury Lane." During the hours of performance Mrs Kean had remained waiting the result at home.

"It may be imagined," proceeds the author, "how much anxiety must have prevailed, when not only the fame of her husband, but the very existence of himself and family hung on the event. For, to be damned in London is to be damned in the country; and the actor who once earned his humble crust in the provinces, whilst wretched at the fastidious bar of the metropolis, is by no means sure of regaining his old position, if, on being tried, he should be found wanting. The hours, therefore, passed gloomily enough. At last, about half-past ten o'clock, the Misses Williams, also Mr Hewan and Mr Watts (two artists who lodged in the house), returned. "The first comer was Mr Hewan, in reply to whose knock, Mrs Kean ran down to the door, and, in breathless haste, demanded to know their fate."

The announcements of Mr Hewan and Mr Watts were all that could be desired; but we must pass them over.

"Next followed the Misses Williams, exulting in the accomplishment of their prophecies; and, finally, about eleven o'clock, arrived the hero of the night himself. He ran up stairs, wild with joy, and cried out, 'Oh, Mary! my fortune's made: now you shall ride in your carriage.' A mighty change had been wrought in a brief period. Four or five hours before, he said, on quitting the house, that he wished he was going to be shot. Now, all the gloom of the morning dissipated and forgotten, he seemed to tread on air. He told his wife, indeed, that when he found the audience 'going with him,' he was inspired and exalted to such a degree, that 'he could not feel the stage under him.' His sensations had now sunk a little,—almost to a rational level. In order, however, that everyone might be a partaker of the new happiness, even the child (the present Mr Charles Kean) was taken out of his cradle and

kissed by his father, who said, 'Now, my boy, you shall go to Eton.' Kean had always been ambitious that his son should have an aristocratic education, and the project seemed now no longer improbable. During the remainder of the night, and, indeed, until four o'clock in the morning, Kean and his wife sate together, congratulating each other on their good fortune; he talking of what he would do, what he would play next, and forming schemes of all sorts for the future. Once, indeed, his mind was touched with a melancholy recollection; for he said, 'Oh! that Howard was alive now!—but he is better where he is.' With this exception there was nothing to cast a shade over his golden dreams."

During the remainder of this season Kean appeared in Richard III, in Hamlet, and in Othello—and, by his wonderful success, brought a gain to the treasury of the theatre of not less than twenty thousand pounds. For his happiness, as well as for his glory, he ought to have died now. The latter part of his history is only a sad and sickening tale of blackguardism, disgrace, and ruin. The evil of his nature seems at this period to have completely overpowered and extinguished whatever was good in him. Such an utter abandonment to brutality and selfishness is scarcely on record; though the philosophic reader will set off against it the frightful disadvantages, in a moral point of view, of a poor, fatherless, half-owned, vagabond childhood. For the particulars, we must send our readers to the work itself, from which we have already extracted much more largely than with our limited space we should be excused in doing, except in the case of a publication of unusual interest.

LORD BROUGHAM ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.

A Discourse of Natural Theology. By Henry Lord Brougham. Post 8vo. C. Knight.

[Concluded from No. 62.]

We now proceed to place before our readers a few more extracts from this interesting work. The very powerful chapter in which Lord Brougham contends for the separate existence of the mind, independently of the body, supplies so much matter of great interest, that we hardly know what to select. Perhaps the following passage on the phenomena of dreams may be most acceptable to our Readers.

"The bodily functions are in part suspended during sleep, that is, all those which depend upon volition. The senses, however, retain a portion of their acuteness; and those of touch* and hearing, especially, may be affected without awakening the sleeper. The consequence of the cessation which takes place of all communication of ideas through the senses, is that the action of the mind, and, above all, of those powers connected with the imagination, becomes much more vigorous and uninterrupted. This is shown in two ways—first, by the celerity with which any impression upon the senses, strong enough to be felt without awaking, is caught up and made the groundwork of a new train of ideas, the mind instantly accommodating itself to the suggestions of the impression, and making all its thoughts chime in with that; and, secondly, by the prodigiously long succession of images that pass through the mind, with perfect distinctness and liveliness, in an instant of time.

"The facts upon this subject are numerous, and of undeniable certainty, because of daily occurrence. Every one knows the effect of a bottle of hot water applied during sleep to the soles of the feet: you instantly dream of walking over hot mould, or ashes, or a stream of lava, or having your feet burnt by coming too near the fire. But the effect of falling asleep in a stream of cold air, as in an open carriage, varies this experiment in a very interesting, and, indeed, instructive manner. You will, instantly that the wind begins to blow, dream of being upon some exposed point, and anxious for shelter, but unable to reach it; then you are on the deck of a ship, suffering from the gale—you run behind a sail for shelter, and the wind changes, so that it still blows upon you—you are driven to the cabin, but the ladder is removed, or the door locked. Presently you are on shore, in a house with all the windows open, and endeavour to shut them in vain; or, seeing a smith's forge, you are attracted by the fire, and suddenly a hundred bellows play upon it, and extinguish it in an instant, but fill the whole smithy with their blast, till you are as cold as on the road. If you from time to

* The common classification of the senses which makes the touch comprehend the sense of heat and cold, is here adopted; though, certainly, there seems almost as *befitting* reason for ranging this under touch, as for ranging sight, smell, hearing, and taste under the same head.

time awake, the moment you fall asleep again, the same course of dreaming succeeds in the greatest variety of changes that can be rung on our thoughts.

"But the rapidity of these changes, and of the succession of ideas, cannot be ascertained by this experiment: it is most satisfactorily proved by another. Let any one who is extremely overpowered with drowsiness—as after sitting up all night, and sleeping none the next day—lie down, and begin to dictate: he will find himself falling asleep after uttering a few words, and he will be awakened by the person who writes repeating the last word, to show he has written the whole; not above five or six seconds may elapse, and the sleeper will find it at first quite impossible to believe that he has not been asleep for hours, and will chide the amanuensis for having fallen asleep over his work—so great apparently will be the length of the dream which he has dreamt, extending through half a lifetime. This experiment is easily tried: again and again the sleeper will find his endless dream renewed; and he will always be able to tell in how short a time he must have performed it. For suppose eight or ten seconds required to write the four or five words dictated, sleep could hardly begin in less than four or five seconds after the effort of pronouncing the sentence; so that, at the utmost, not more than four or five seconds can have been spent in sleep. But, indeed, the greater probability is, that not above a single second can have been so passed; for a writer will easily finish two words in a second; and suppose he has to write four, and half the time is consumed in falling asleep, one second only is the duration of the dream, which yet seems to last for years, so numerous are the images that compose it."

From these and other facts, the author is disposed to conclude that we only dream during the moment of transition into and out of sleep. The following passage, from the same chapter, will be very cheering to our more aged readers.

"The changes which the mind undergoes in its activity, its capacity, its mode of operation, are matter of constant observation, indeed of every man's experience. Its essence is the same; its fundamental nature is unalterable; it never loses the distinguishing peculiarities which separate it from matter; never acquires any of the properties of the latter; but it undergoes important changes, both in the progress of time, and by means of exercise and culture. The development of the bodily powers appears to affect it, and so does their decay; but we rather ought to say, that, in ordinary cases, its improvement is contemporaneous with the growth of the body, and its decline generally is contemporaneous with that of the body, after an advanced period of life. For it is an undoubted fact, and almost universally true, that the mind, before extreme old age, becomes more sound, and is capable of greater things, during nearly thirty years of diminished bodily powers; that, in most cases, it suffers no abatement of strength during ten years more of bodily decline; that, in many cases, a few years more of bodily decrepitude produce no effect upon the mind; and that, in some instances, its faculties remain bright to the last, surviving the almost total extinction of the corporeal endowments. It is certain that the strength of the body, its agility, its patience of fatigue, indeed all its qualities, decline from thirty at the latest; and yet the mind is improving rapidly from thirty to fifty; suffers little or no decline before sixty; and therefore is better when the body is enfeebled, at the age of fifty-eight or fifty-nine, than it was in the acme of the corporeal faculties thirty years before. It is equally certain, that while the body is rapidly decaying, between sixty or sixty-three and seventy, the mind suffers hardly any loss of strength in the generality of men; that men continue to seventy-five or seventy-six in the possession of all their mental powers, while few can then boast of more than the remains of physical strength; and instances are not wanting of persons who, between eighty and ninety, or even older, when the body can hardly be said to live, possess every faculty of the mind unimpaired. We are authorised to conclude, from these facts, that unless some unusual and violent accident interferes, such as a serious illness or a fatal contusion, the ordinary course of life presents the mind and the body running courses widely different, and in great part of the time in opposite directions; and this affords strong proof, both that the mind is independent of the body, and that its destruction in the period of its entire vigour is contrary to the analogy of nature."

The consideration that the phenomena of mind afford ample and almost untouched evidence of design in the Creator, frequently brings Lord Brougham into contact with the materialists, whose fundamental positions are demolished in passing, in a few nervous passages of reasoning and illustration which, in other hands, might have formed the basis of several volumes. The following extract contains what the author himself describes as "the strongest of all the

arguments both for the separate existence of mind, and for its surviving the body," and as being "drawn from the strictest induction of facts."

"The body is constantly undergoing change in all its parts. Probably no person at the age of twenty has one single particle in any part of his body which he had at ten; and still less does any portion of the body he was born with continue to exist in or with him. All that he before had has now entered into new combinations, forming parts of other men, or of animals, or of vegetable or mineral substances, exactly as the body he now has will afterwards be resolved into new combinations after his death. Yet the mind continues one and the same, "without change or shadow of turning." None of its parts can be resolved; for it is one and single, and it remains unchanged by the changes of the body. The argument would be quite as strong though the change undergone by the body were admitted not to be so complete, and though some small portion of its harder parts were supposed to continue with us through life.

"But observe how strong the inferences arising from these facts are, both to prove that the existence of the mind is entirely independent of the existence of the body, and to shew the probability of its surviving! If the mind continues the same while all or nearly all the body is changed, it follows that the existence of the mind depends not in the least degree upon the existence of the body; for it has already survived a total change of, or, in the common use of the words, an entire destruction of that body. But again, if the strongest argument to shew that the mind perishes with the body, nay, the only argument be, as it is indubitably derived from, the phenomena of death, the fact to which we have been referring affords an answer to this. For the argument is that we know of no instance in which the mind has ever been known to exist after the death of the body. Now here is exactly the instance desiderated, it being manifest that the same process which takes place on the body more suddenly at death is taking place more gradually, but as effectually in the result, during the whole of life, and that death itself does not more completely resolve the body into its elements and form it into new combinations than living fifteen or twenty years does destroy, by like resolution and combination, the self-same body. And yet after those years have elapsed, and the former body has been dissipated and formed into new combinations, the mind remains the same as before, exercising the same memory and consciousness, and so preserving the same personal identity as if the body had suffered no change at all. In short, it is not more correct to say that all of us who are now living have bodies formed of what were once the bodies of those who went before us, than it is to say that some of us who are now living at the age of fifty have bodies which in part belonged to others now living at that and other ages. The phenomena are precisely the same, and the operations are performed in like manner though with different degrees of expedition. Now all would believe in the separate existence of the soul if they had experience of its existing apart from the body. But the facts referred to prove that it does exist apart from one body with which it once was united, and though it is in union with another, yet as it is not adherent to the same, it is shown to have an existence separate from, and independent of, that body. So all would believe in the soul surviving the body, if after the body's death its existence were made manifest. But the facts referred to prove that after the body's death, that is, after the chronic dissolution which the body undergoes during life, the mind continues to exist as before. Here, then, we have that proof so much desiderated—the existence of the soul after the dissolution of the bodily frame with which it was connected. The two cases cannot, in any soundness of reasoning, be distinguished; and this argument, therefore, one of pure induction, derived partly from physical science, through the evidence of our senses, partly from psychological science by the testimony of our consciousness, appears to prove the possible Immortality of the Soul almost as rigorously as "if one were to rise from the dead."

"The distinct existence of mind, and its continued existence after the dissolution of the body having been affirmed, the reader will naturally be curious to know what Lord Brougham has to say on the subject of a future state. He speaks, of course, with distinctness as to the existence of such a state; but on its formal nature and circumstances, he expresses himself with a reserve and diffidence more truly characteristic of a logical and well-disciplined mind, than the most refined or elevated speculation could be. From any other way of considering the subject he was, indeed, precluded not only by the nature of the subject, but by the principles of the inductive philosophy of which the whole of the present volume is so fine an exemplification. The following is the passage in question.

"Upon the particulars of a future state—the kind of existence reserved for the soul—the species of its occupations and enjoyments—Natural Theology is, of course, profoundly silent; but not more silent than Revelation. We are left wholly to conjecture, and in a field on which our hopelessness of attaining any certain result is quite equal to our interest in the success of the search. Indeed, all our ideas of happiness in this world are such as rather to disqualify us for the investigation, or what may more fitly be termed the imagination. Those ideas are, for the most part, either directly connected with the senses, or derived from our condition of weakness here, which occasions the formation of connexions for mutual comfort and support, and gives to the feeble party the feeling of allegiance, to the stronger the pleasure of protection. Yet may we conceive that, hereafter, such of our affections as have been the most cherished in life shall survive and form again the delight of meeting those from whom death has severed us—that the soul may enjoy the purest delights in the exercise of its powers, above all, for the investigation of truth—that it may expatiate in the full discovery of whatever has hitherto been most sparingly revealed, or most carefully hidden from its view—that it may be gratified with the sight of the useful harvest reaped by the world from the good seed which it helped to sow. We can only conjecture or fancy. But these, and such as these, are pleasures in which the gross indulgences of sense have no part, and which are even removed above the less refined of our moral gratifications: they may, therefore, be supposed consistent with a pure and faultless state of spiritual being."

"Perhaps the greatest of all the difficulties which we feel in forming such conjectures, regards the endless duration of an immortal existence. All our ideas in this world are so adapted to a limited continuance of life—not only so moulded upon the scheme of a being incapable of lasting beyond a few years, but so inseparably connected with a constant change even here—a perpetual termination of one stage of existence and beginning of another—that we cannot easily, if at all, fancy an eternal, or even a long-continued, endurance of the same faculties, the same pursuits, and the same enjoyments. All here is in perpetual movement—ceaseless change. There is nothing in us or about us that abides an hour—nay, an instant. Resting-place there is none for the foot—no haven is provided where the mind may be still. How then shall a creature, thus wholly ignorant of repose—unacquainted with any continuation at all in any portion of his existence—so far abstract his thoughts from his whole experience as to conceive a long, much more a perpetual, duration of the same powers, pursuits, feelings, pleasures? Here it is that we are the most lost in our endeavours to reach the seats of the blessed with our imperfect organs of perception, and our inveterate and only habits of thinking."

The second part of the "Discourse" is much shorter than that to which our attention has been hitherto confined. It is divided into three sections, the first of which treats of the pleasures which attend the study of Natural Theology in common with all other scientific pursuits; the second describes the pleasures and improvement peculiar to the study which forms the main subject of the work; and the third explains the connection between natural and revealed religion, showing the service which natural theology renders to the doctrines of revelation. The length to which our notice has already extended, only leaves us room to extract one short passage from the second section of this portion of the work.

"The universal recurrence of the facts on which Natural Theology rests, deserves to be regarded as increasing the interest of this science. The other sciences, those of Physics at least, are studied only when we withdraw from all ordinary pursuits, and give up our meditations to them. Those which can only be prosecuted by means of experiment, can never be studied at all without some act of our own to alter the existing state of things, and place nature in circumstances which force her, by a kind of question, as Lord Bacon phrases it, to reveal her secrets. Even the sciences which depend on observation have their fields spread only here and there, hardly ever lying in our way, and not always accessible when we would go out of our way to walk in them. But there is no place where the evidences of Natural Religion are not distributed in ample measure. It is equally true, that those evidences continually meet us in all the other branches of science. A discovery made in these almost certainly involves some new proofs of design in the formation and government of the universe."

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